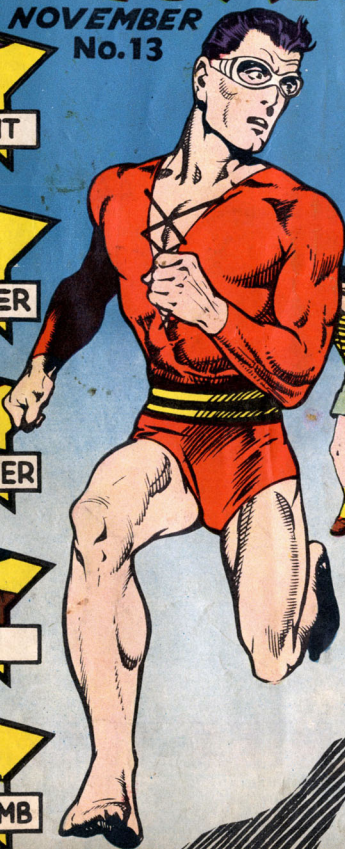


POLICE

COMICS 10¢

NOVEMBER
No.13



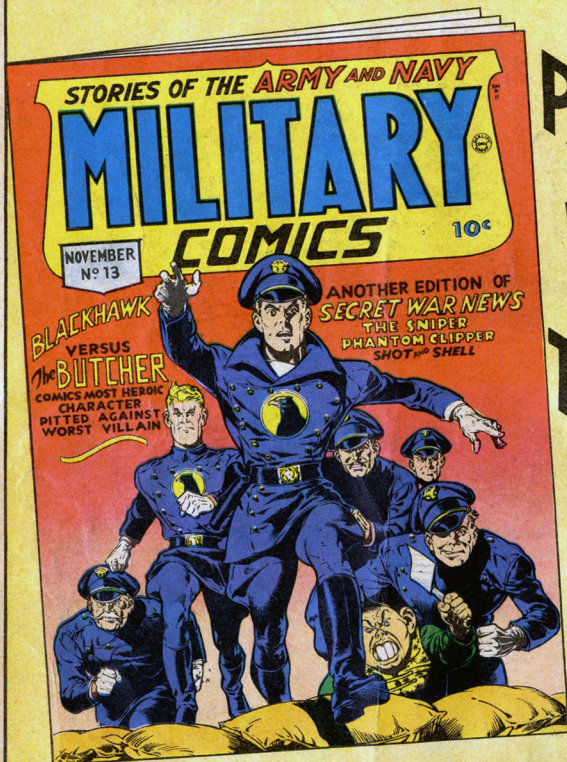
Starring
**PLASTIC
MAN**
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A BELL RINGER!

PACKED
WITH
THRILLS



FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

POLICE COMICS, November, 1942, No. 13. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, John Beardsley, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

STOP!**LOOK!**

AND

READ!

**PRESENTING
THE MAN
WHO CAN'T
BE HARMED**

**PLASTIC
MAN**



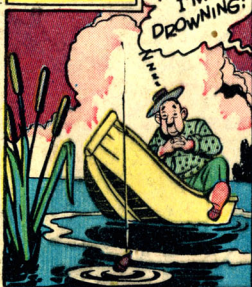
by
**JACK
COLE**

**FOR
NEW
READERS
ONLY..**

IN ORDER TO GET INFORMATION ON CROOKS, PLASTIC MAN POSES AS GANGSTER, EEL O'BRIAN, AND MINGLES WITH THE UNDERWORLD.. THEN THE INDIA RUBBER MAN GOES INTO ACTION, BRINGING HIS PREY TO JUSTICE, HIS ONLY WEAPON BEING HIS ABILITY TO BEND, TWIST, OR MOLD INTO ANY SHAPE !!

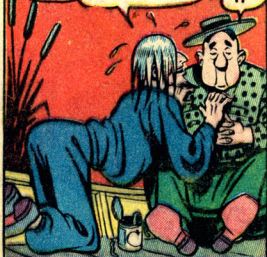
OUR STORY
BEGINS AS
SIMPLY AS
THIS...

HELP!
I'M
DROWNING!



YOU HAVE SAVE ZE
LIFE OF ZAMBI! ZE
SOOTHZAYER! FOR
ZAT I REWARD
YOU..YES? NO?..

MMM!!



I HEREBY BE-
STOW UPON YOU THE
PROTECTION OF
NATURE!! FROM
THIS DAY FORTH,
NO HARM YOU!!
SHADDROE!!



MMM.. HE'S
GONE!.. A
CRACK-POT,
NO DOUBT!
CAN'T BE HURT,
EH? WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!



BY GEORGE, IT'S TRUE
..I DON'T FEEL A THING!
BUT THEN I NEVER
COULD FEEL ANY PAIN
IN MY HEAD!.. BETTER
PICK A MORE VULNER-
ABLE SPOT FOR THE
ACID TEST..



WITH LABORIOUS EFFORT,
WOZZY WINKS CLIMBS
A NEARBY CLIFF AND
JUMPS..



WHY, WITH THIS
ABILITY I CAN
MAKE A FORTUNE!
BY EITHER GOOD
OR BAD METHODS!
HMMM.. WHICH
SHALL IT BE?
GOOD OR BAD?
I'VE GOT IT...



HEADS I USE
MY POWERS
FOR GOOD..
TAILS FOR
EVIL !!



HMMMM!!

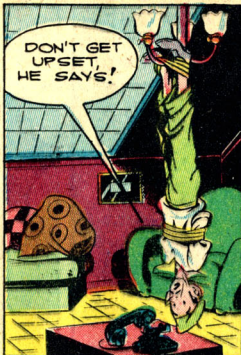
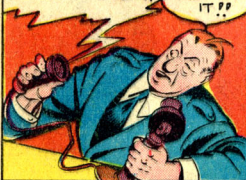


WOULDN'T
YOU LIKE TO
KNOW
??



SOME TIME LATER, THE POLICE RECEIVE A CALL...

THIS IS HOMER TWITCHEL, THE GREAT SCULPTOR... HOMER COME QUICKLY... "DON'T MY PRICELESS GET SO STATUES HAVE UPSET BEEN STOLEN!" ABOUT IT??



HEY PLASTIC! THINK YOU CAN STOP RUBBERING OUT THE WINDOW LONG ENOUGH TO ANSWER A CALL?

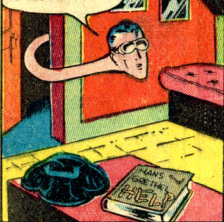
OH, OH.. GOTTA GO MIKE!

C*!!# JUS'WHEN I HAD Y' LICKED!



BUT WHEN PLASTIC MAN REACHES HOMER'S STUDIO, HE FINDS...

?? THE PLACE IS EMPTY!! IF THIS IS A JOKE...



THAT'S QUEER.. THE WORD "HELP" SPOILED OUT IN CLAY ON THIS BOOK..



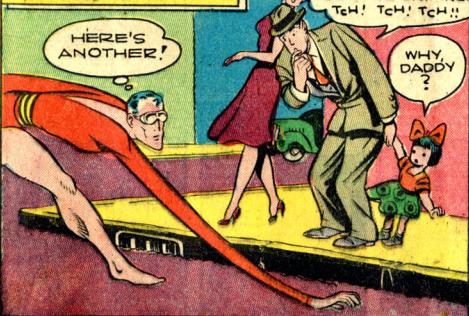
BUT WHY ON A BOOK?? AND WHY, "HANS AND GRETEL"?? ..UNLESS..



HANS AND GRETEL DROPPED BREAD CRUMBS TO MARK A TRAIL.. PERHAPS HOMER TWITCHEL DROPPED CLAY!



BUT INTO THE STREET HE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL..



PLASTIC MAN, GUTTER SNIPING! Tch! Tch! Tch!!

WHY, DADDY?

MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY...



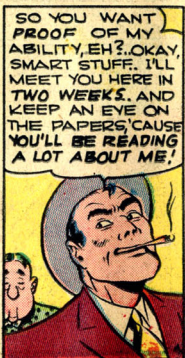
BOSS' ORDERS!.. NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT SAW?



AFTER THE STORM SUBSIDES..



LATER, AT A CAFE, EEL FINDS HIS QUARRY



NOW FOR A FEW JOBS TO CONVINCE THE SKEPTIC..

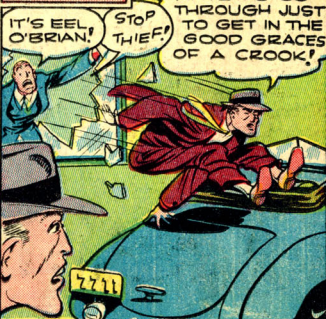


THUS BEGINS A SERIES OF DARING ROBBERIES, THE LIKE OF WHICH IS SELDOM SEEN..

IN BANKS



IN JEWELRY STORES..



NO ONE IS SAFE FROM HIS GRASP



HOT-TEMPERED POLICE CAPTAIN MURPHEY IS IN A DITHER..



WHEN TWO WEEKS ARE UP EEL MEETS WOZZY..



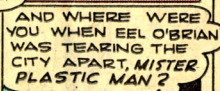
TONIGHT! HOW ARE YOU ON SWIPING MARBLE STATUETTES??



WE'RE GOING TO STEAL EVERY ONE OF HOMER TWITCHEL'S BUSTS FROM THE CITY MUSEUM!

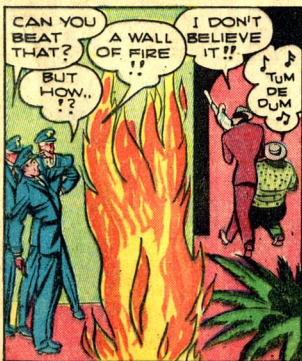
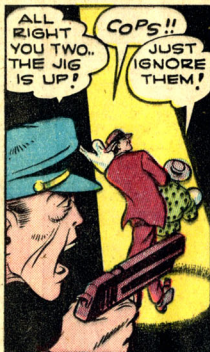
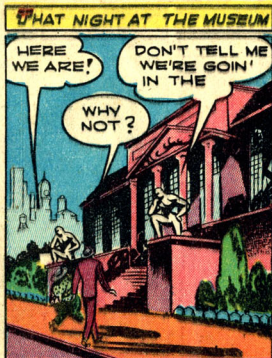


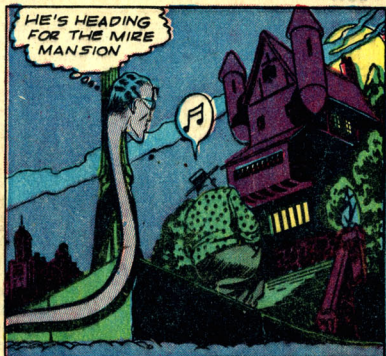
AS PLASTIC MAN, HE GOES TO THE POLICE..

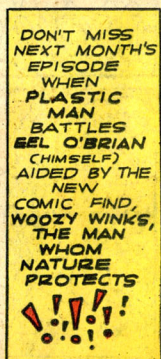
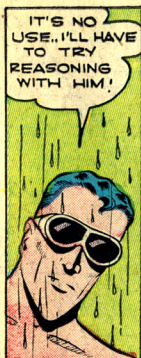


BANK YOUR FIRES, MURPHEY.. I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT EEL AND THE THUG WHO STOLE HOMER TWITCHEL'S SCULPTURE PIECES ARE PULLING A REPEAT TONIGHT!









Dewey Drip

BLAST IT, MEN! PUT SOME LIFE IN THIS DRILL! PRETEND IT'S A REAL SCRAP!

IMAGINE YER REALLY BEIN' ATTACKED! JAPS DROPPIN' FROM THE SKIES LIKE FLIES!

SHECKS! AH'M LATE FER BAYNIT DRILL AGIN!

NAZI PARATROOPS! HERE THEY COME! THE ENEMY RIGHT AT US! BY THOUSANDS!

BANG! BANG! IT'S COME AT LAST! SURPRISE ATTACK!

STIR YO' SILLY STUMPS, GINERL, AND RALLY YO' MEN T' FIGHT INVASION!

WHAT TH'?

AN' YO'- MRS. GINERL, GIT ON DAT HOSS AN' HEAD FO' D' WOODS BEFO' DEY GITS YO'!

BUT KEEP COOL!

HELLPPP!

COURAGE, MARTHA, I'M COMING!

YA BLASTED SAP! WE AIN'T ATTACKED! I WAS JUST GIVIN' THEM GUYS A PEP TALK FER BAYONET DRILL!

WE CAN STILL PUT PEP IN THAT DRILL, SERGEANT

PLENTY O' PEP! DO YOUR STUFF, MEN!

RIGHT TRIUMPHANT - OR MIGHT ? IS THE SLOGAN OF LIFER, DAN DYCE, WHO THROUGH SECRET TUNNELS, LEAVES WESTMOOR PRISON AT WILL AND VENTURES FORTH TO BATTLE CRIME AND EVIL

711

by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER.



'DEEK' DAKIN, NEWLY ADMITTED CONVICT, WALKS SLOWLY ACROSS A DESERTED SECTION OF THE WESTMOOR PRISON YARD---

SUDDENLY A GUARD SHOUTS AN ORDER...

HEY-YOU, DAKIN-HALT!

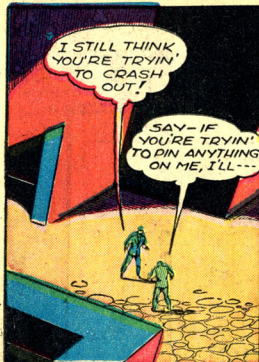
EH?

WHY AIN'T YOU WITH THE OTHER "CONS"?

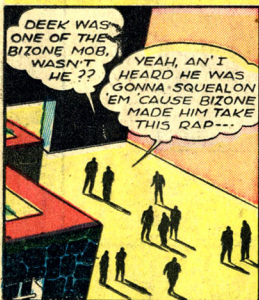
NO REASON-I'M JUST TAKIN' A WALK---

YOU MEAN, TRYIN' TO ESCAPE!

YER OFF YER NUT, SCREW-- THESE WALLS ARE THIRTY FEET HIGH AN' NO OPENINGS--



THE NEWS OF DAKIN'S DEATH TRAVELS LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE PRISON----



THAT NIGHT, THE FIGURE OF A MAN SLIPS QUIETLY THROUGH THE PRISON GATES---



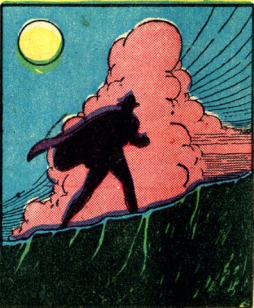
IT'S THE GUARD---



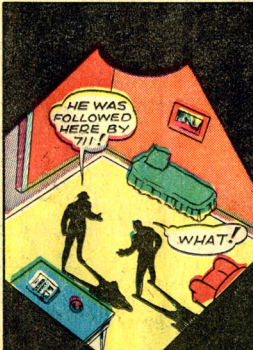
THE COLD-BLOODED KILLING IS WITNESSED BY DAN DYCE, LIFER #711-----



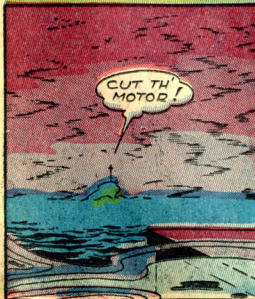
AND CLOSE ON HIS HEELS FOLLOWS 711 !!

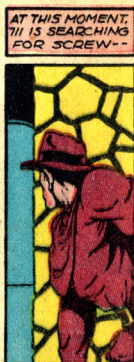


A HALF HOUR LATER---

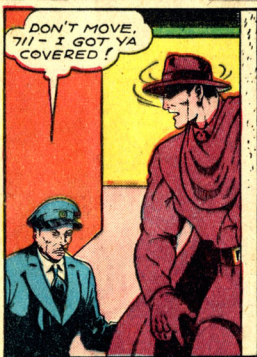
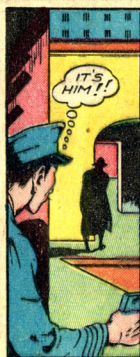


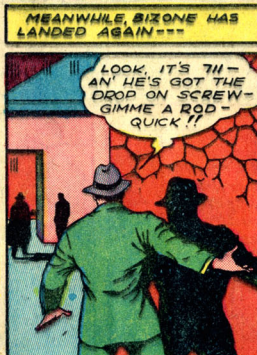
OUT OF THE FOG, A SMALL CRAFT APPROACHES THE PRISON----





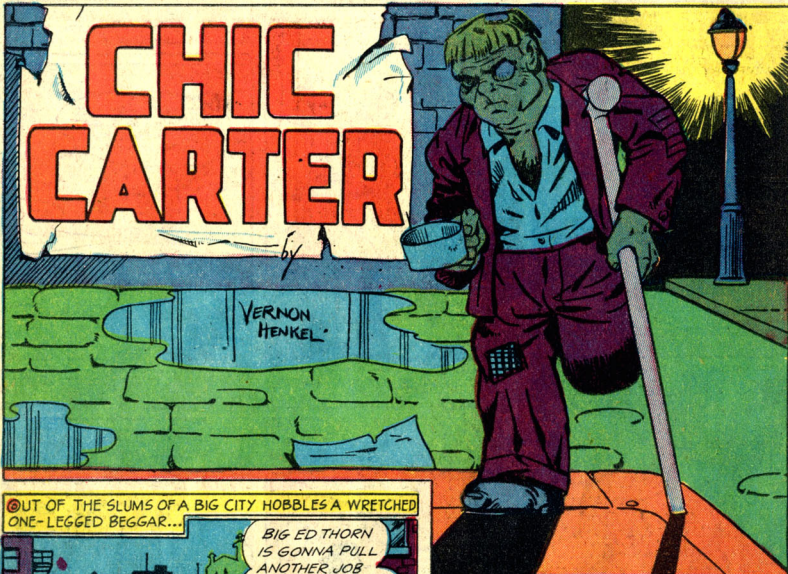
AND SCREW IS ON THE ALERT FOR TII----



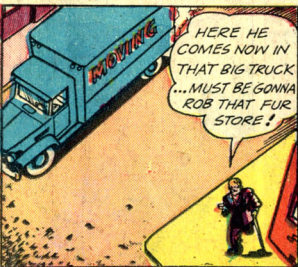
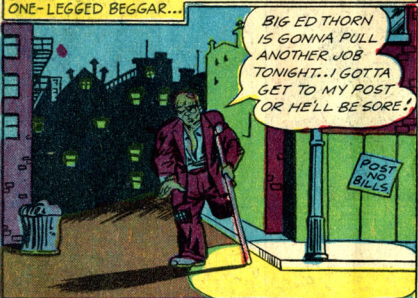


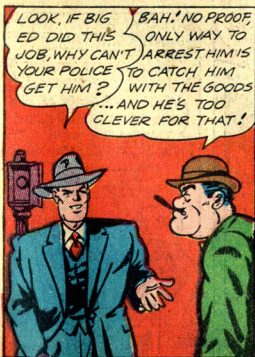
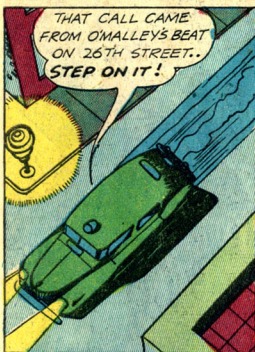
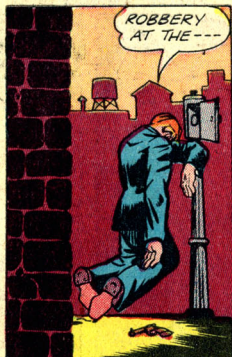
CHIC CARTER

by
VERNON
HENKEL

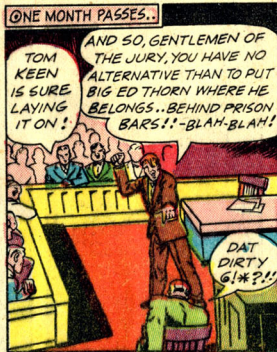
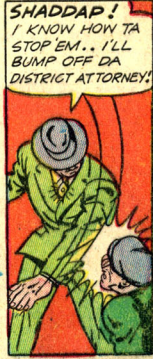


OUT OF THE SLUMS OF A BIG CITY HOBBOLES A WRETCHED ONE-LEGGED BEGGAR...

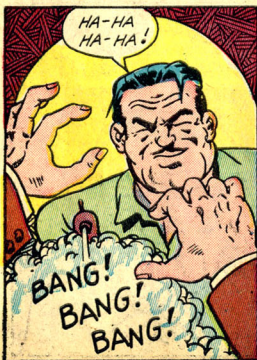
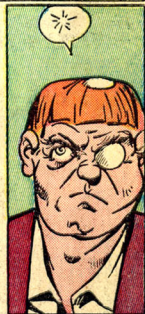
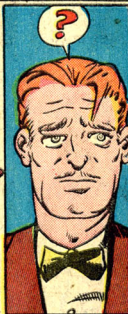
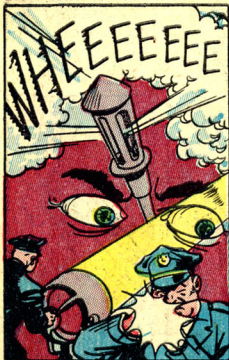


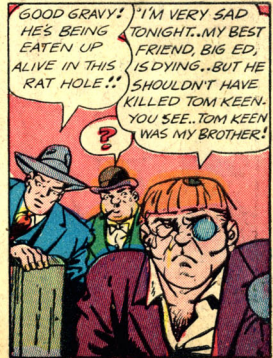
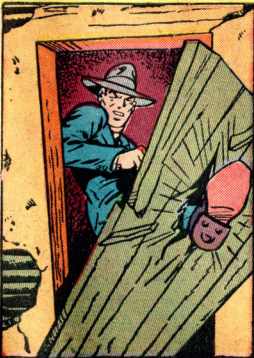
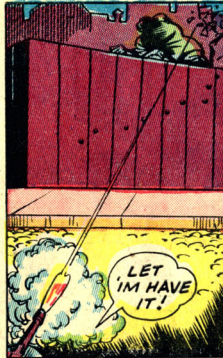




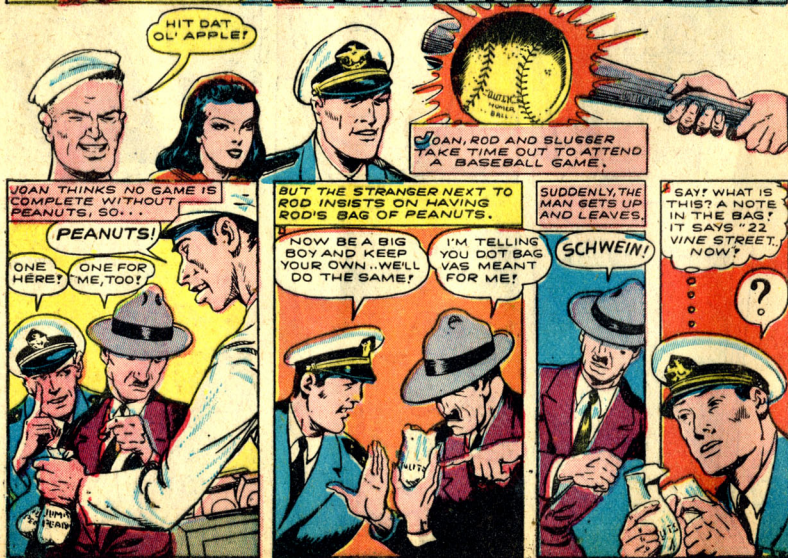


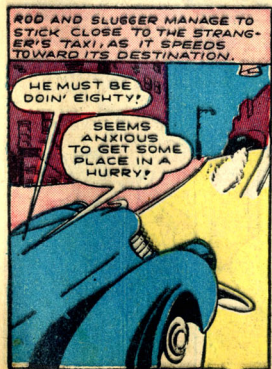
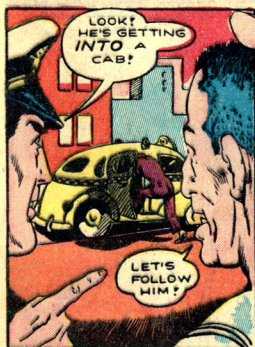
BIG ED THORN ESCAPES!!

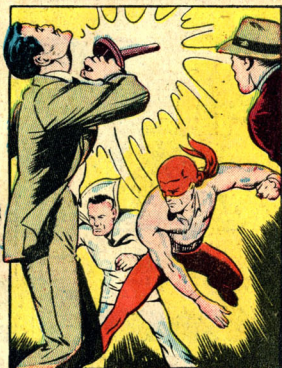
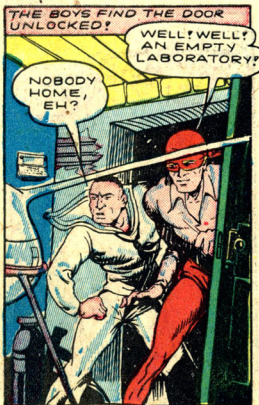


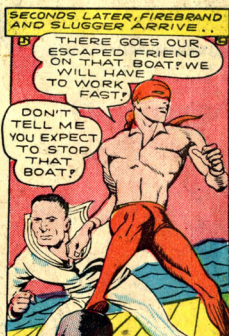
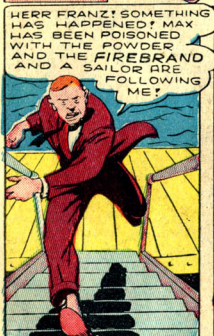


The Firebrand









FIREBRAND WHISPERS A HASTY PLAN TO SLUGGER.. THEN DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE SURFACE.

GOOD LUCK, PAL!

THEN..

HELP!
YOU SHOT MY PAL!

STOP SHOUTING, YOU FOOL.. OR VELL FIX YOU, TOO!

HURRY! THE POLICE ARE COMING! PUT HIM MIT DER GIRL!

THE NAZIS DRAG SLUGGER ON BOARD TO PREVENT HIM FROM CALLING FOR HELP..

BUT, FIREBRAND HAS DUCKED UNDER THE BOAT, COMING UP ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THIS MAY COME AS A BIT OF A SURPRISE TO THEM.. I HOPE?

AND SUDDENLY..

YOU BAD BOYS WEREN'T GOING TO SHOOT THE HARBOR POLICE, WERE YOU?

THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW.. TOO?

UGH!

A MINUTE LATER..

LOADING GUININE WITH POISON TO SEND TO THE ARMY IN THE ISLANDS, EH? YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB CATCHING THEM, FIREBRAND!

THANK YOU, GIRL!

LATER..

OH, WASN'T FIREBRAND MARVELOUS? BY THE WAY, WHERE'S ROD, SLUGGER?

MY PAL!

OH, HE DISAPPEARED WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTED!

Steel Kerrigan

PAROLED AFTER BEING UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED, *Steel Kerrigan* BATTLES CRIME AS A ONE MAN CRUSADE TO PROVE HE'S ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW.

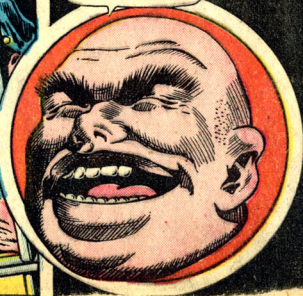


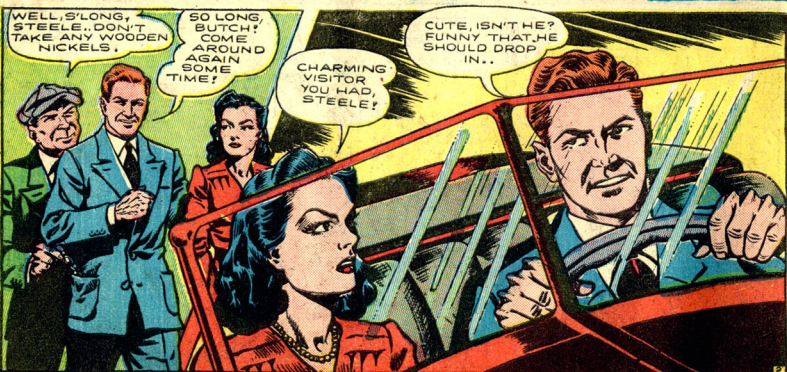
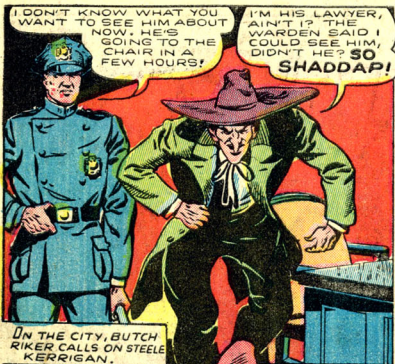
THE DEATH HOUSE IN A STATE PENITENTIARY.

HEY!
WHAT
TH.?

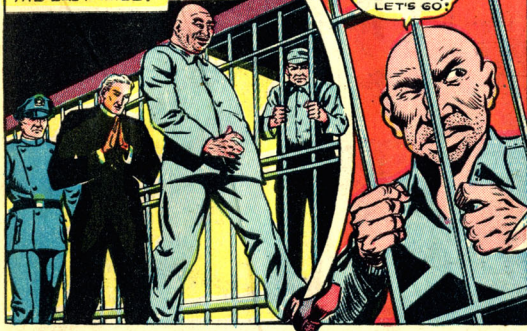
STILL UP TO THE SAME TRICKS, EH, CLARKSON? I OUGHT'N TO SOCK YOU ONE, AN' IF YOU WEREN' FRYIN' TONIGHT, I WOULD!

ME IN THE HOT SEAT? HAW! HAW! DAT'S A LAUGH! LISTEN, SCREW, A CHAIR AIN'T BEEN MADE DAT'LL CROAK "MACHINE GUN" CLARKSON!





LAST NIGHT, "MACHINE GUN" CLARKSON STARTS DOWN THE LAST MILE.



IT'S TIME FER DE SIGNAL! LET'S GO!

GIT DE ARTILLERY READY, BOYS?



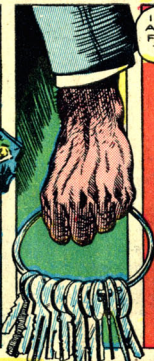
C'MERE, SCREW I WANNA SHOW YER SUMPIN' IMPORTANT!



WHAT IS IT?



DIS, SUCKER! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



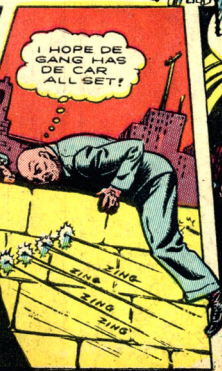
I BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME FER A CHANCE TER PLUG YOUSE GUYS!



HAW! HAW! DIDN'T I SAY "MACHINE GUN" CLARKSON VUZN'T GONNA FRY TONIGHT?!



I HOPE DE GANG HAS DE CAR ALL SET!



NICE GOIN', BOYS! WHERE'S ME HIDEOUT GONNA BE?



I COPPED DE KEY TER STEELE KERRIGAN'S APARTMENT REMEMBER HIM?

PURSUED BY THE POLICE, THE GANGSTER CAR ROARS TOWARD THE CITY.

WE'LL LOSE 'EM IN TRAFFIC!

APARTMENT 5-B, EH? I GOT IT, BUTCH! NOW, LAM!

AS STEELE AND ANNE DRIVE ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD.

FLASH!... POLICE HAVE TRACED "MACHINE GUN" CLARKSON, WHO ESCAPED FROM THE STATE PENITENTIARY IN A DARING BREAK TO AN APARTMENT HOUSE AT 673 BIGGS AVE IN THIS CITY.

HOLY-COW! THAT'S THE HOUSE I LIVE IN! SAY, THERE MUST BE SOME TIEUP BETWEEN THIS AND BUTCH RIKER'S VISIT!

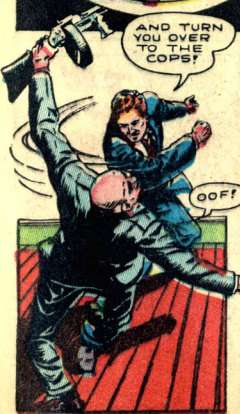
I'D BETTER GET BACK, BEFORE I BECOME INVOLVED AND LOSE MY PAROLE!

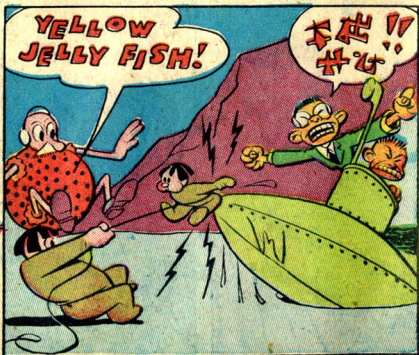
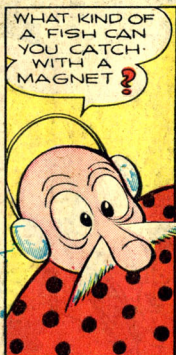
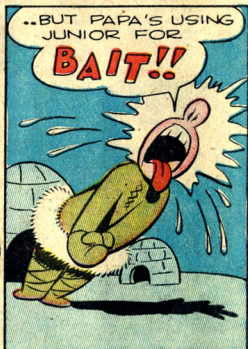
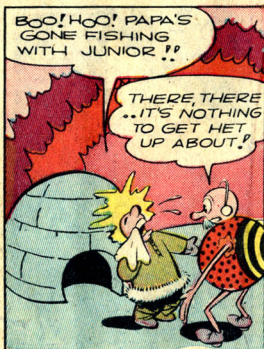
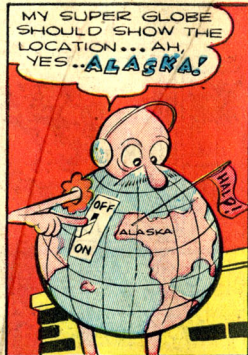
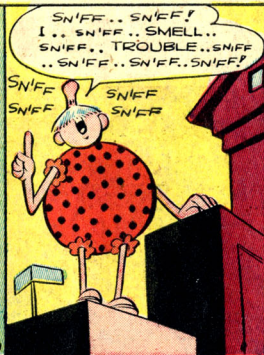
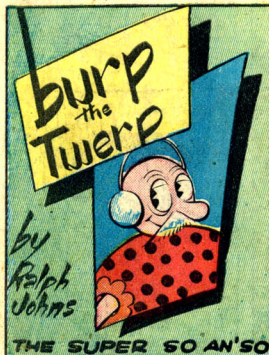
WOW! THIS BLOCK LOOKS LIKE A BATTLEFIELD! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT APARTMENT 5-B! MY PLACE!



DERE'S GONNA BE AN AWFUL LOT OF DEAD COPS BEFORE DEY GIT ME!



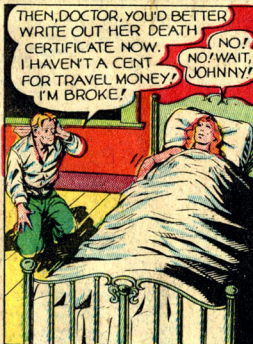
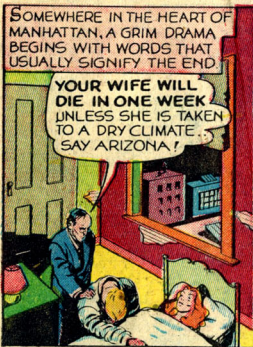




THE SPIRIT

BELEIVED DEAD, DENNY COLT, A YOUNG CRIMINOLOGIST WAS BURIED... TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER HE AWOKE, BROKE OUT OF HIS GRAVE, AND AS **THE SPIRIT**, HAS CONTINUED HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME...

By
Will Eisner



AN HOUR
LATER...

YEAH? AND
WHO ARE
YOU?



TELL TONY ITS
JOHNNY. BILLY
MARSTEN'S SON.
HE'LL REMEMBER
THE NAME. MY
FATHER LOST
ENOUGH MONEY
HERE..C'MON,
LET ME IN! I
GOT A WAD,
SEE?

MARSTEN?
OK, KID,
COME IN.



WHY, JOHNNY, I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU SINCE YER
FATHER DIED.. I HEAR
YOU'RE DOWN ON YOUR
LUCK SINCE YA
MARRIED!
'COURSE BUSINESS
HAS BEEN BAD...

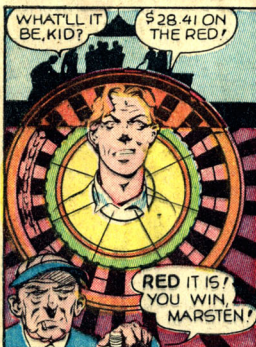
DON'T
LOOK NOW,
BUT THERE'S
JOHNNY
MARSTEN!

CUT IT, TONY!
I DIDN'T COME
HERE FOR A
TOUCH! I WANT
TO PLAY!

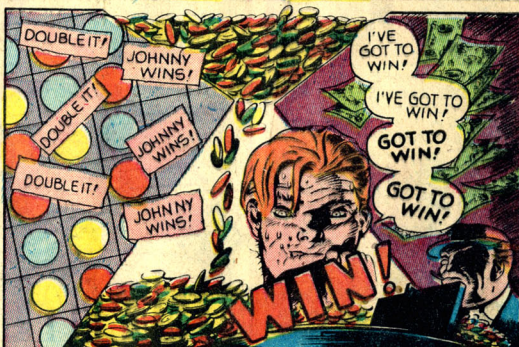
WELL WELL!
FOLLOWING
IN HIS FATHER'S
FOOTSTEPS!
RIGHT TO TONY'S
GAMBLING DEN!

WHAT'LL IT
BE, KID?

\$28.41 ON
THE RED!



RED IT IS!
YOU WIN,
MARSTEN!



DOUBLE IT!

JOHNNY WINS!

DOUBLE IT!

JOHNNY WINS!

DOUBLE IT!

JOHNNY WINS!

I'VE
GOT TO
WIN!

I'VE GOT TO
WIN!

GOT TO
WIN!

GOT TO
WIN!

WIN!

HOOR AFTER HOOR..THE DICE
ROLL AND THE ROULETTE SPINS
A GOLDEN WEB, CHAINING
JOHNNY TO HIS CHAIR EVEN
AFTER THE REST LEAVE

I'VE ENOUGH...
A THOUSAND DOLLARS!
I'M GOING HOME.
NOW MY WIFE
WILL LIVE!



AH... JUST A
MINUTE, KID! I
THINK MAYBE
YOU'D BETTER
PLAY ONE
MORE HAND
WITH
MY
DECK!

I WON IT! NO,
I KNOW YOUR
TRICK. YOU'LL
WIN IT
BACK!



LOOK HERE, SUCKER!
I'M IN THIS RACKET TO
MAKE DOUGH... NO ONE
THAT'S BROKE CAN COME
IN HERE AND CLEAN
UP A GRAND! NOW
BEAT IT! OR DOES

MONK
THROW
YOU
OUT?

YOU
CROOK!
CROOK!





AT WILDWOOD, THE LIMP FORM IS PUSHED TO THE MUDDY ROADSIDE, UNAWARE THAT THE SPIRIT WATCHES.. THE GANGSTERS SPEED ON



AT POLICE
HEAD-
QUARTERS

HELLO! WHO?
THE SPIRIT?
YEAH..WHAT?
THE GAMBLING
RACKET! TAKE
MY ADVICE
AND LAY OFF!

RRRING!

NO, I'M NOT SCARED, BUT
THOSE GUYS HAVE
INFLUENCE. BESIDES,
EVERY TIME WE RAID
THEM THEY JUST START
SOMEWHERE ELSE.
WHAT? OF COURSE I'D
LIKE TO GET SOMETHING
ON ONE OF 'EM! O.K.
O.K. ...I HOPE
YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

LATER



YEAH?
WHO ARE
YOU?

DON'T STRUGGLE!
A LITTLE FRESH AIR

THE SPIRIT?
OPEN UP!

WON'T
HURT
YOU!

A MASKED
MAN!

HOLD-
UP?

JUST CONTINUE WHAT
YOU'RE DOING, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN.. I
JUST WANT TO
PLAY FARO!

DEAL, PAL!
AND DEAL
STRAIGHT!

YOU CLEANED US
OUT. THE BANK
IS BROKE!

AN
HOUR
PASSES

THE PILE
OF CHIPS
AND MONEY
SHIFTS TO
THE SPIRITS
TABLE..

LEAVING A DUMBFOUNDED
AUDIENCE, THE SPIRIT CALMLY
WALKS OFF. HIS POCKETS
BULGING WITH MONEY..

AMAZING!

NEVER
BEEN DONE
BEFORE!

'FIFTY
THOUSAND!
NOT BAD
FOR A
START!

DIAMOND DEN
THANKS!
YOU WANT?

JIMARO JIMMIS
HE BROKE
THE BANK!

WELL,
ALBEE!

WANT TO
PLAY ANOTHER
HAND?

CAN'T!
THE
HOUSE
IS BROKE!

HMM \$300,000!
NOT BAD, JUST
ONE MORE
PLACE TO
VISIT!

HELLO.. HELLO,
MIKE? ROUND UP
THE BOYS. THE
SPIRIT IS CLEANING
UP THE TOWN! WE
GOTTA STOP HIM!

CLOSE UP THE
JOINT! THAT
GUY JUST
BROKE THE
BANK!

AT TONY'S GAMBLING DEN, THE FRIGHTENED GAMBLERS MEET TO STOP THE SPIRIT. . . .

HE'S COMING HERE!

CLEANED UP 800 GRAND IN THREE HOURS!

SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU! WE'LL SET A TRAP... CLEAR THE HOUSE... WE'LL BE "GUESTS"!

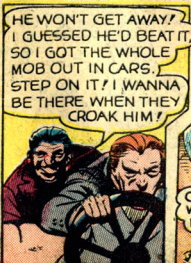
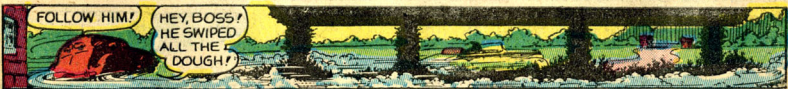
AS THE SPIRIT ENTERS "TONY'S" A GRIM SILENCE GREET'S HIM.

AH! COME IN, MR. SPIRIT!

OH! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

THE BOYS AROUND TOWN TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY LUCKY. . . LIKE TO PLAY WITH ME?

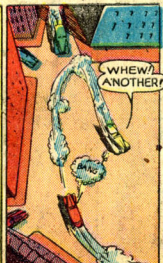
CERTAINLY! DEAL...



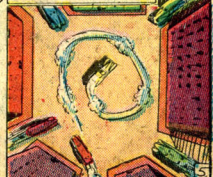
THROUGH THE CITY STREETS THE SPIRIT RACES.

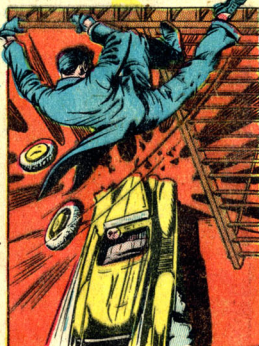
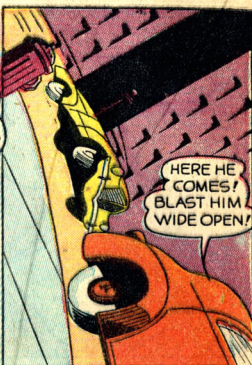
WITH TWO CARS RACING AFTER HIM, HE HEADS NORTH ACROSS THE SQUARE

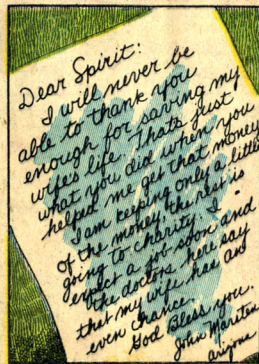
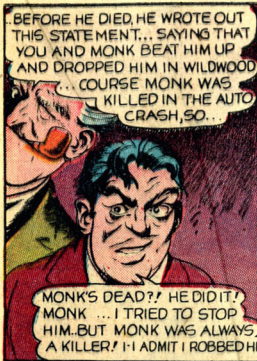
OH! OH! WAITING FOR ME!



ONCE AGAIN HE SWERVES, BUT EACH STREET IS COVERED. THE GANG CARS CLOSE IN... THE SPIRIT IS TRAPPED!





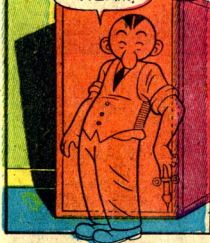


SUPER SNOOPER

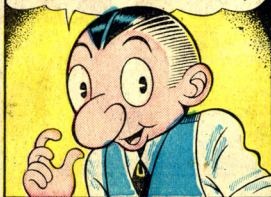
by GILL FOX-

SNOOPER HAS BEEN WORKING FEVERISHLY ON A CAMOUFLAGE SERUM WHICH WHEN INJECTED CAUSES CLOTHES AND FLESH TO TURN INTO THE COLOR OF THE BACKGROUND IN FRONT OF WHICH ONE IS STANDING.

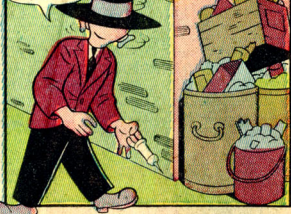
IT WORKED! I'M AS RED AS MY FLANNEL UNDERWEAR!



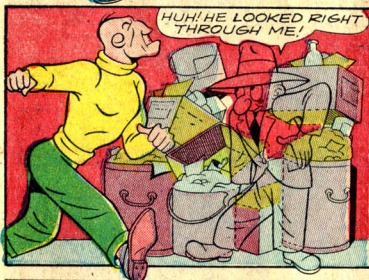
BOY, WHAT I'LL BE ABLE TO DO WITH THIS! I'LL GO OUT INTO THE STREET AND TRY IT ON A COUPLE OF CROOKS!



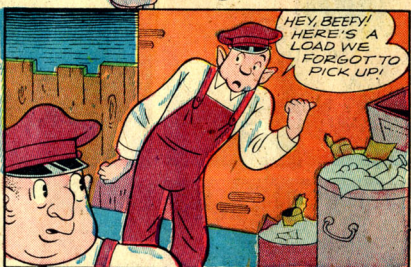
HERE COMES "MANIAC" MORONE, THE KILLER! I'LL STEP IN FRONT OF THIS RUBBISH!



HUH! HE LOOKED RIGHT THROUGH ME!



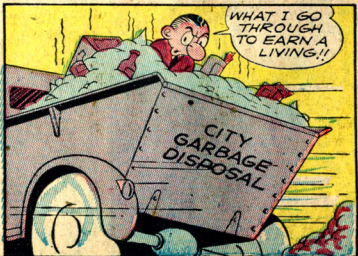
HEY, BEEFY! HERE'S A LOAD WE FORGOT TO PICK UP!



GOSH, WHILE WE WUZ LOADING THAT LAST PILE, I'D HAVE SWORN I HEARD A HUMAN VOICE!



WHAT I GO THROUGH TO EARN A LIVING!!



PHANTOM LADY

BY
ARTHUR
PEDDY

SENATOR KNIGHT WOULD BE ASTOUNDED IF HE KNEW THE BEAUTIFUL CRIME-BUSTER...

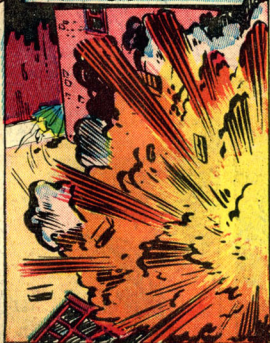
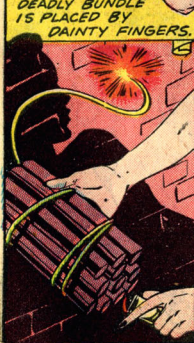
PHANTOM LADY WAS HIS DAUGHTER, SANDRA... PHANTOM LADY, WHO WITH THE AID OF HER BLACK FLASH-LIGHT IS THE SCOURGE OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES...

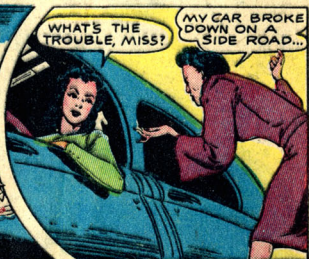
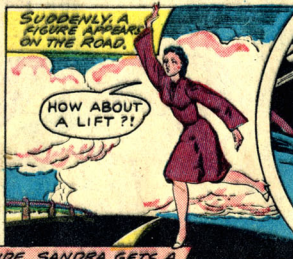
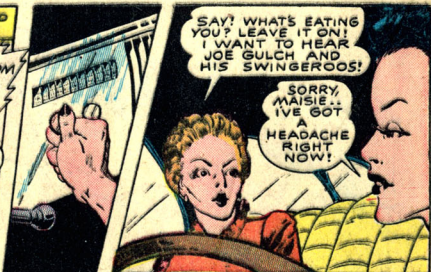
SHORTLY
AFTER

FLASH... PHANTOM LADY HAS TAKEN ON A NEW ROLE... ONCE A MIGHTY FORCE FOR LAW AND ORDER SHE HAS NOW EMBARKED ON A CRIME WAVE OF HER OWN. EARLY TODAY, SHE BOMBED...

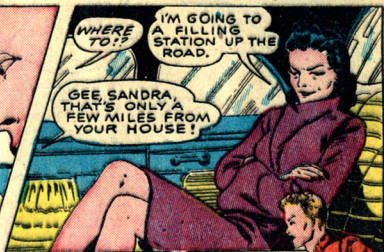
BENEATH A NEUTRAL FOREIGN CONSUL BUILDING, A DEADLY BUNDLE IS PLACED BY DAINTY FINGERS.

A MINUTE LATER, A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE AIR, AS A FAMILIAR FIGURE DARTS OUT OF SIGHT.



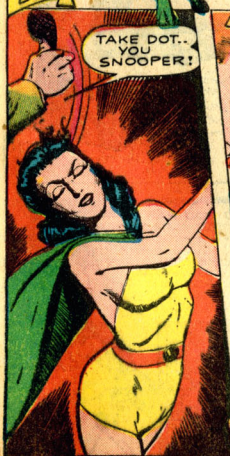
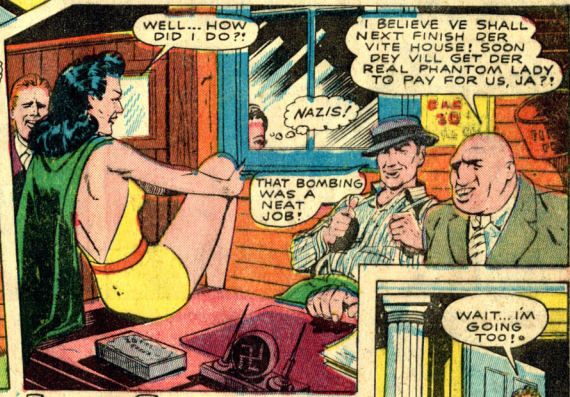
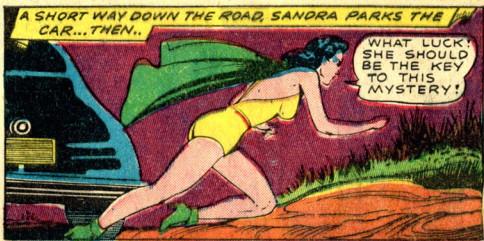


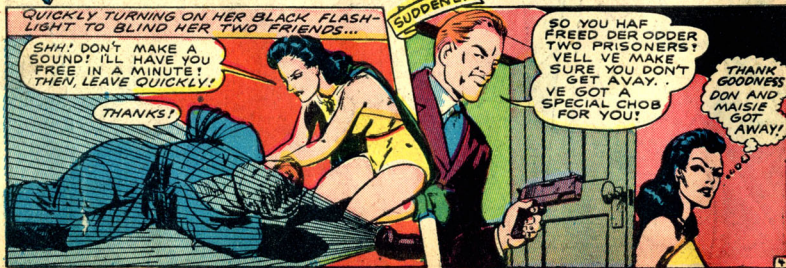
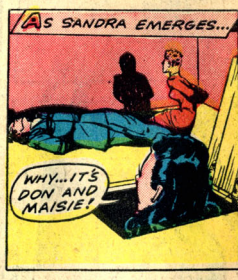
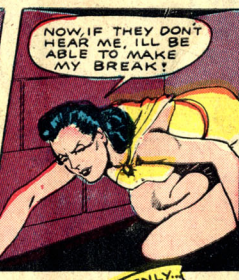
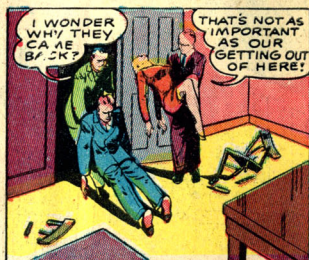
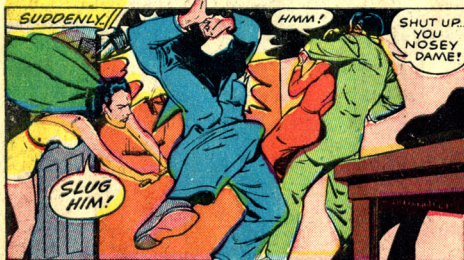
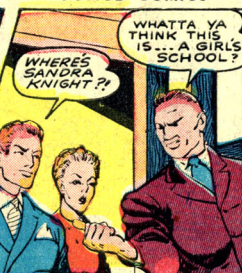
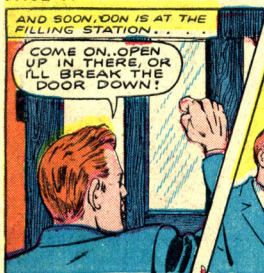
AS THE GIRL SLIPS INSIDE, SANDRA GETS A GLIMPSE OF FAMILIAR CLOTHES.

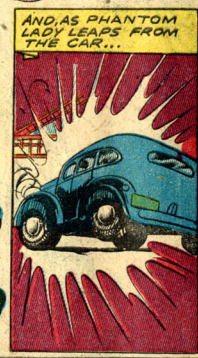
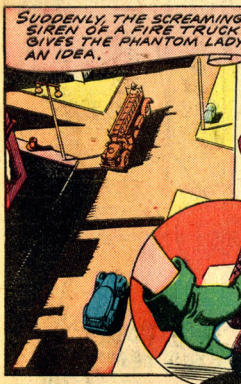


AT THE KNIGHT MANSION, SANDRA HALTS THE CAR..









The HUMAN BOMB



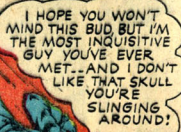
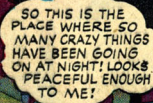
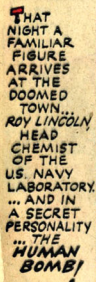
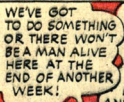
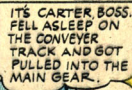
NO ONE
HAS PEACE HERE
AT NIGHT AS
LONG AS YOU
REMAIN! YOU HAVE
INTRUDED UPON
THE SANCTITY OF
THIS GRAVEYARD...
THE RESTING PLACE
OF THE LIVING
DEAD OF
SKULL
VALLEY!!!

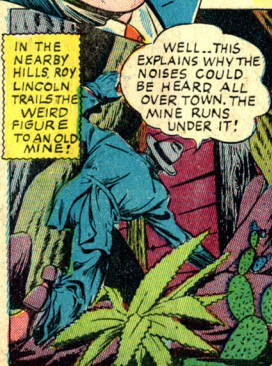
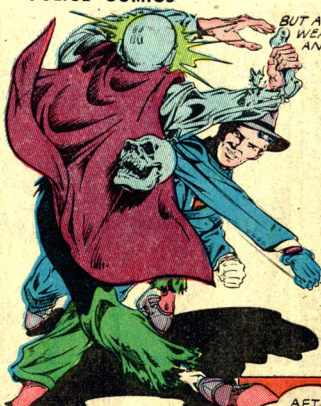
TO SAVE THE
FORMULA OF
A NEW EXPLOSIVE
FROM GETTING
INTO AXIS HANDS,
CHEMIST ROY
LINCOLN SWALLOWS
THE CAPSULE OF
DESTRUCTIVE
SUBSTANCE AND
IS STRANGELY
TURNED INTO A
HUMAN BOMB!
WITH ITS POWER
CONCENTRATED IN
ROY LINCOLN'S
HANDS, HIS
VERY FINGERTIP
TOUCH MEANS
DESTRUCTION
WORSE THAN
A TON OF
DYNAMITE!

SOMEBODY
STOP THE NOISE
SO I CAN GET
SOME SLEEP
BEFORE I
GO CRAZY!

THE NEWLY BUILT DEFENSE HOUSING AREA AROUND THE JAMESON CHEMICAL WORKS, FAR FROM CIVILIZATION IN THE DESERT WASTES OF THE WEST, IS RAVAGED AT NIGHT BY MYSTERIOUS FORMS AND WEIRD NOISES COMING FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH. HIDEOUS PROWLERS BREAK THROUGH BOARDED WINDOWS AND BOLTED DOORS... PUTTING WORKERS AT THEIR WITS END FOR A NIGHT OF SLEEP!



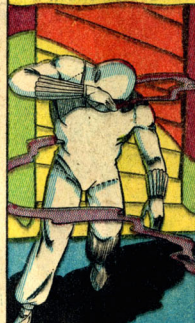
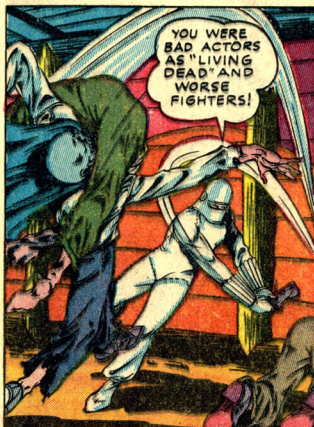


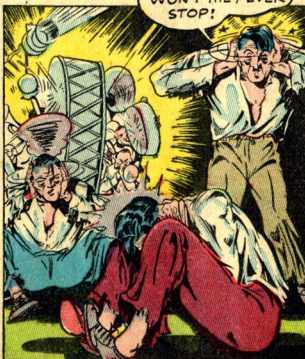
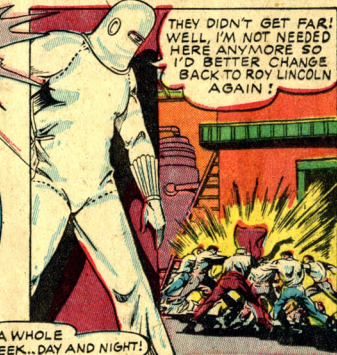
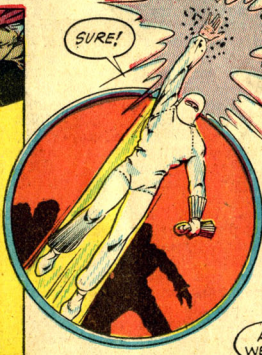
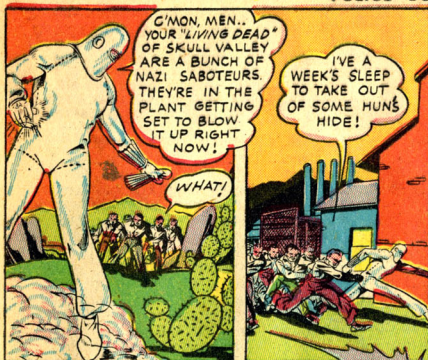




SO YOU GUYS
THINK A BUNCH
OF ROCKS
WILL STOP
ME, EH?
HA! HA!







DARK BAYOU

THE body floated face up. It was swollen and discolored from several days under the boiling Louisiana sunshine. There was a small blue hole directly between the wide-open eyes—made by a hi-power rifle slug.

"It's Elaine!" said old Hack Fasset, the deputy sheriff, to the other three men in the boat. "Pull closer, boys, and we'll fish her out."

It was pretty bad, they discovered when they got the body into the boat. A gar or carp had eaten away part of the right arm. But there was no mistaking that the girl was Elaine Dumere, young daughter of a rich Cajun planter. And there was no mistaking that it was a cinch case of murder.

That was on a Saturday morning. The following Monday, two rat (muskrat) trappers of the region came in with the body of another victim. This time it was Ron Dennis, young blade about town. He had been shot in the head and hurled into the bayou just like Elaine Dumere.

Sheriff Hi Bilkins found his small office crowded with outraged citizens of the community. Who was committing these murders? Why didn't he and his men do something about it?

The sheriff was a spot worried. Election was coming up in another two months; a fellow had to make a pretty good showing in these parts if he expected the folk to cast their votes for him!

"Been doin' all we can, friends," he explained. "We got Stubby and Sill out there in the swamps with a pack of bloodhounds—"

A shout outside burst into the sheriff's words. Everyone rushed out the door. Hank Sneed, who operated a small river boat, was sliding off a fat horse. His face was red and sweaty.

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"Hey, fellers!" he shouted. "Come on down to the river. They's a man floatin' in the water right near my boat, they is!"

The whole pack dashed for the river bank. And sure enough, there was a man, bloated considerably, lying in the water. They got him out after a few minutes. He was unknown to the villagers. But again the tell-tale little blue hole showed in his forehead. They carried the man to Platt's Mortuary and held a conference. Every man in town would set out and try to run down the killer.

"Good idea," agreed the sheriff. "Let's go!"

The fishing was good. Dick Mace sprawled on the mossy bank and leisurely grasped the rod. Back of him a few feet little Pete, his half-breed Indian guide, was frying fish and boiling a pot of strong coffee.

"About ready?" called Dick. "I'm starved, Pete."

"She's ready, Boss," sang out Pete. "Dem perch sure do make yo' mouth water, hunh?"

Dick anchored his rod to a cypress root and went to the folding table. Pete had a beautiful spread. He had even made biscuits. And there was wild honey he had discovered the day before in the hole of a great tree.

"Mmmm!" said Dick as he fell to. "Pete, you're a wizard."

Pete grinned. "Tanks, Boss. But yo' orter eat some of my baked 'possum. Dat's sumptin'!"

Dick wondered as he ate. The idea, me taking a vacation. First time since I got out of school. Wonder what's doing in the big wide world?

Pete was lifting his steaming coffee cup when he groaned and fell face forward across the table, upsetting it and spilling everything. The sharp cough of a silenced rifle whipped through the woods. Dick dropped on the ground and lay still for a few minutes, drawing his pistol. There was no further disturbance, so he arose and scanned the woods in the direction from which the shot had come. Pete had died instantly, with a bullet through his brain.

"Now why would anybody want to shoot poor little Pete?" said Dick to himself. He quickly broke camp and got the equipment and Pete's lifeless body into the canoe. Then he shoved off and paddled rapidly down the river.

About five miles below his camp, Dick heard the sound of crashing through brush and the low voices of men. He paddled into shore. He wasn't quite sure just where he was and he wanted to make a town before night fell. The men saw him before he had touched the bank. One of them yelled, "Hi, there, you! Hold up a minute!"

The men came into the open then, covering him with guns.

"Hello, said Dick. What is this?"

"Yo' jist pile outen that boat an' we'll find out who ye are," said one of the rough looking Cajuns.

Dick complied. "I can easily tell you who I am," he told them. He drew a billfold from his pocket and passed it to one of them. "This ought to explain."

The man gazed at it and passed it to another. "Holy jumpin' Jehosephat!" exclaimed the latter. "It's Dick Mace, that sick detective from Noo York!"

"There was a mutter of surprise. Then one of the men said, 'Jist the guy we want to see. Ye're jist in time to do a leetle detectin', son!'"

"I'll be glad to help you," replied Dick. "But who are you looking for?"

"A murderer. A dirty killer in these here woods, that's who! Shot three-four people last few days."

Dick pointed to his canoe. "Suppose he did that?"

They crowded around the canoe. "Why, it's little Pete Barancas!" cried one of them. "An' he's plugged right in the same place as the others!"

Dick explained how the murder happened.

"The same low-life killer's work," said the deputy sheriff. "Say, Mister Mace, will you give us a hand on this case?"

"Starting now," grinned Dick.

One of the men volunteered to take Dick's canoe and equipment along with the body of Pete back to town. The others set out through the trees on the trail of a vile killer.

It was Dick's contention that the murderer was either demented or had some reason for scaring people away from the bayou country. He meant to find out as soon as possible.

That first day with the crude backwoodsmen taught Dick Mace a lesson: these men were illiterate and rough, but they had hearts, and they fought for justice. Many of them had been drafted and many more had enlisted. They'd do well as soldiers, Dick thought. Tough. Hard.

During the afternoon they met up with the two men from the sheriff's office who had a pack of bloodhounds in tow. They had little to report; the dogs had picked up no trail.

Dick scanned the lower limbs of the great trees; they stood so close together that they made a dark cover over the terrain. A man could, if he were particularly agile. . . .

Dick said suddenly, "Look, fellows, there are too many of us. We make too much noise and the killer is always warned of our presence long before we get near him. How about me going out on my own the rest of the night? I'll report back to you in the morning."

They considered this for a while. Then Deputy Hack Fasset nodded, spat in the mud, and drawled: "Yeah, I reckon ye're right, younker. Yo' jist high-tail it on yer own. Be seein' ye in th' mornin'."

Dick left them, carrying his rifle and a small pack of food and canteen of water. As he waded through the stagnant swamp his mind was busy. A man didn't just shoot people without reason. Unless he happened to be an imbecile. But Dick discarded this as foolish. The murderer wanted to be let alone. But for what reason?

It was twilight when Dick reached the scene of his old camp with Pete. He searched the general area where the gunman must have stood, but found no tracks. And the mud was soft.

"Just as I thought," soliloquized Dick. "That's why the bloodhounds can't pick up his trail."

He climbed into a great tree

and made a careful inspection of the bark on the upper side of the limb. After a few minutes he found what he expected to find: a piece of bark broken and crushed as if a heavy foot had been placed upon it.

"So he's a sort of modern Tarzan," said Dick. "Well, it wouldn't be very difficult to keep to the trees in this jungle. Wonder if I can trail the mug?"

It was getting dark. Dick curled up at the junction of two huge limbs and fell asleep. Moonlight would help. But Dick slept the whole night through, and awoke, stiff and cold in the early dawn. The trees dripped moisture and Dick could hear soft sucking sounds as the swamp came to life. Heavy bodies splashed now and then, and Dick shivered to think what would happen to a man if he fell into a pack of alligators.

When the sun was a few minutes up, he ate a bit of cold meat, took a sip of water and set out through the branches. He found the fugitive's trail almost immediately—crushed leaves, bits of mashed bark, broken twigs. After two miles he was over what was known as Dark Bayou, a vast, slimy swamp through which neither man nor beast could make its way. It was unexplored. For three miles Dick swung on over the sea of slime and snake-infested swamp. Then he came upon it suddenly. A shack on stilts. On the small porch sat a man wearing a slouch hat and grimy old hunting suit. Just be-

yond the shack there lay an island about two acres in extent, dry, and laid out in plots. Something green grew there.

Dick made his way around the shack until he had a good view of the island. Then he saw what was planted there. Farther to the south he could see that the bayou became a small river, and tied in to shore there was a sleek looking power cruiser.

"So!" said Dick, "that's his game!"

Dick came up to the shack quietly through the branches and when he was a few feet from the porch he said, "All right, you, raise 'em!"

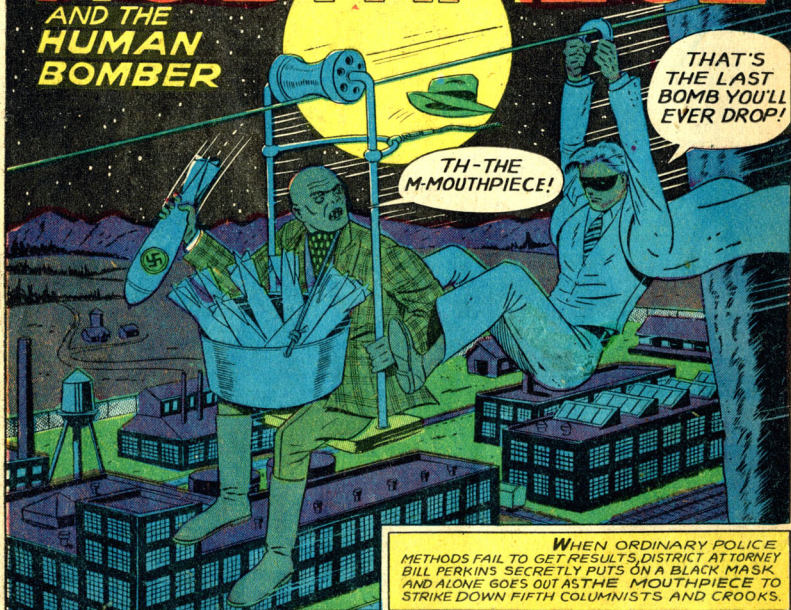
The man leaped to his feet, made a dive for the rifle leaning against the clapboards. Dick jumped, tripping the killer who whirled around with a long knife upraised. But his foot slipped. He crashed over the chair and toppled into the deep water of the bayou. There was a swirl from every side. The man screamed, but his head disappeared almost instantly below the surface, never to show again, as Dick knew. A dozen or more 'gators had seized him.

That ends the story of the Dark Bayou. The killer, working for a secret syndicate, had been raising marijuana and selling it to a group who collected his supply at stated intervals and sailed away across the Gulf of Mexico. These things Dick learned when he read the diary kept by the murderer, whose name didn't once appear in the crude journal.

ABSOLUTELY
THE BEST
BLACKHAWK
STORY EVER TO
APPEAR IS NOW IN
THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
OF
**MILITARY
COMICS**
NOW ON
SALE

THE MOUTHPIECE

AND THE
HUMAN
BOMBER



WHEN ORDINARY POLICE METHODS FAIL TO GET RESULTS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS SECRETLY PUTS ON A BLACK MASK AND ALONE GOES OUT AS THE MOUTHPIECE TO STRIKE DOWN FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND CROOKS.

THE TANK FACTORY AT THE BASE OF HACKLEHEAD MOUNTAIN IS SUDDENLY BOMBED - APPARENTLY FROM THE AIR!

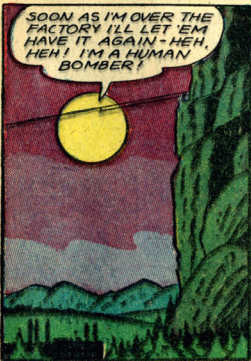


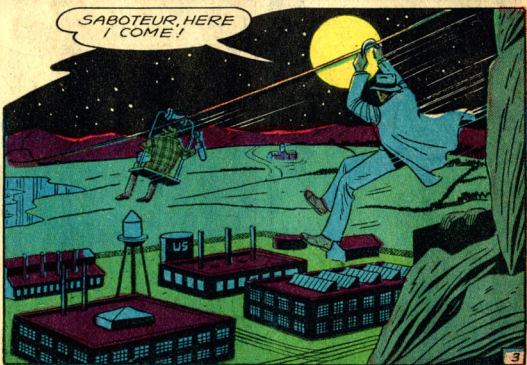
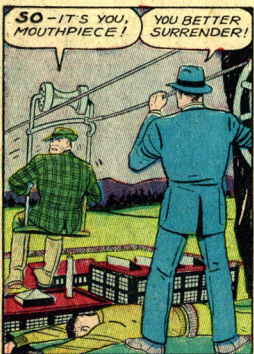
LATER - IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

ANY LUCK ON THE INVESTIGATION, CLANCY?

NAW, DA - THE PLACE WAS BOMBED - AND FROM THE AIR, BUT THERE WERE NO PLANES AROUND! THIS IS A SCREWY CASE!



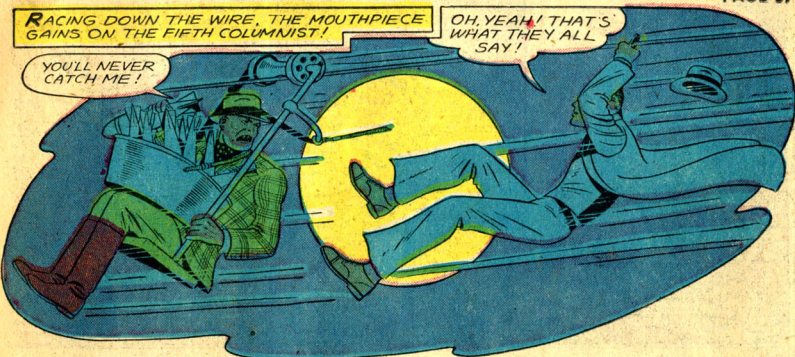




RACING DOWN THE WIRE, THE MOUTHPIECE GAINS ON THE FIFTH COLUMNIST!

OH, YEAH! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



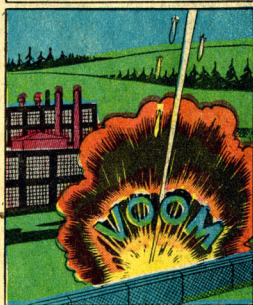
LEGGO ME!



I'LL MAKE YOU JETTISON THOSE BOMBS!



THE BOMBS LAND IN AN OPEN SPACE CAUSING NO DAMAGE.



SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS IMMEDIATELY STAB INTO THE SKY!



THIS TIME WE'VE GOT SEARCHLIGHTS!

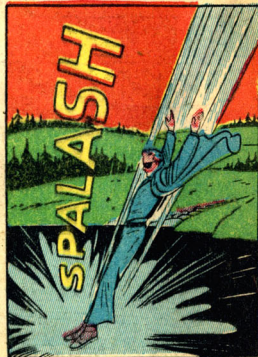
ANOTHER RAID?

LOOK! TWO GUYS FIGHTIN'! HOW DID THEY GET UP THERE?

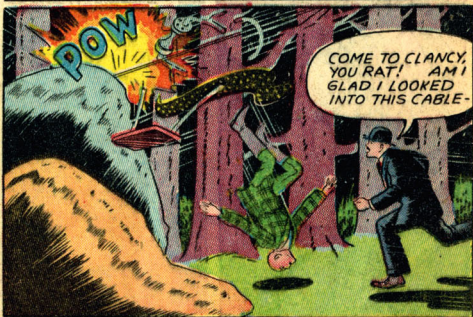


IT'S THE MOUTHPIECE! BET HE'S KNOCKING OFF A CROOK!



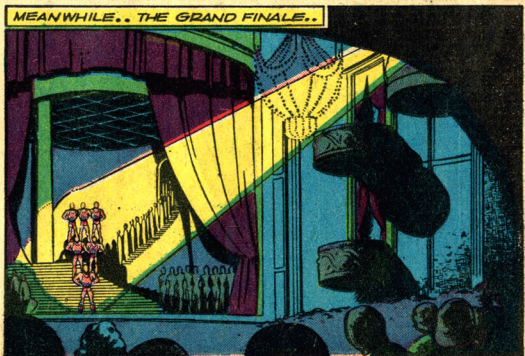
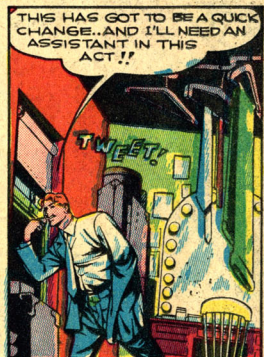
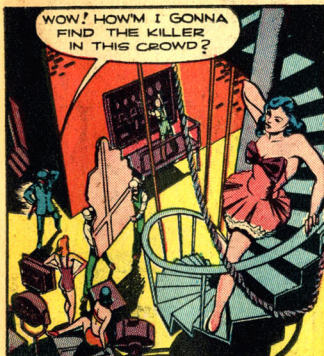


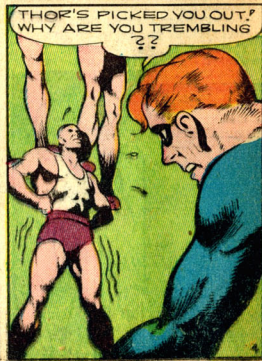
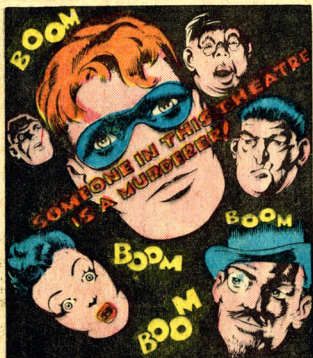
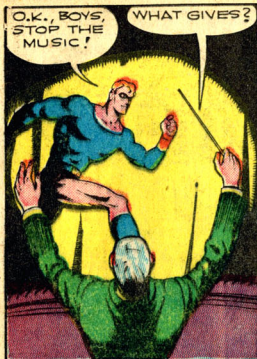
MEANWHILE VON DRULE COMES TO THE END OF THE LINE.

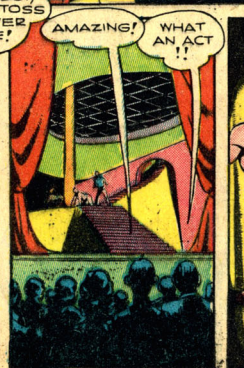
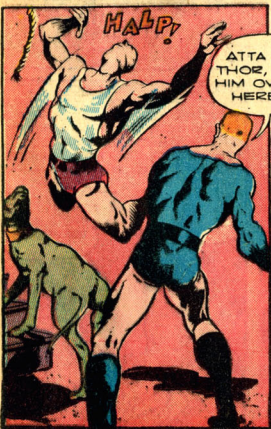
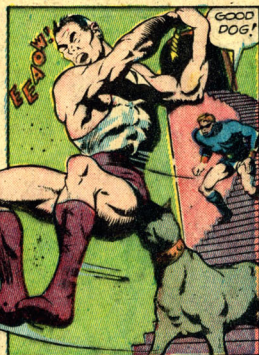
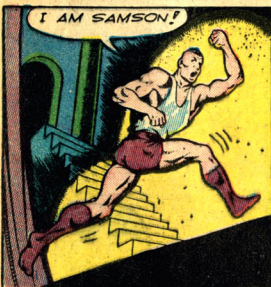
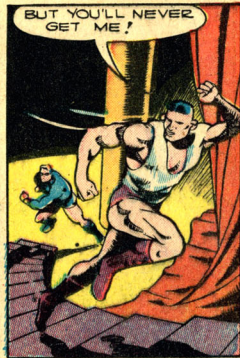




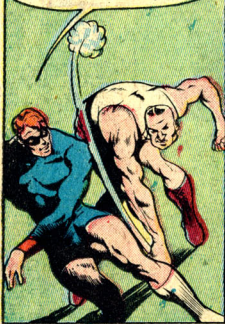




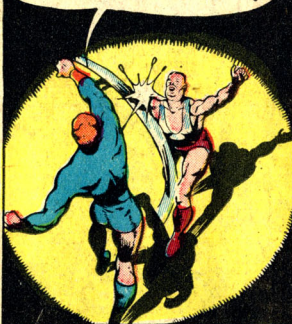




O.K., STRONGMAN, SHOW YOUR STUFF!



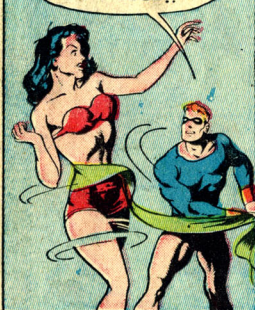
OH, I UNDERSTAND, SAMSON, YOU HAD A HAIRCUT TODAY!



ER, EXCUSE ME, BEAUTIFUL...



..BUT I NEED IT TO TIE UP THIS BUNDLE FOR THE BUG HOUSE!!



WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE!



NOW TELL THE FOLKS, MR. SAMSON, HOW YOU DID IT WITH YOUR OWN LITTLE GUN!

I LOVE HER VERY MUCH, BUT SHE LOVE PINKY, THE MAN ON THE TOP.. AND I MUST ALWAYS STAY ON THE BOTTOM ..CARRY THE WHOLE SHOW.. CARRY PINKY, TOO, WAY UP ON TOP.. IT IS TOO MUCH FOR ME..SO I KILL HER!!



BEST ACT IN THE SHOW!!

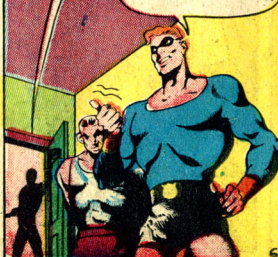
THAT SAMSON'S GOOD.. YOU'D ALMOST THINK HE MEANT IT!!

HA! HA! HA!!



HEY, COME BACK.. WE GOT A CONTRACT FOR YOU..

SORRY, BOYS.. GOT TO DELIVER THIS GUY TO THE COPS.. YOU DON'T SEEM TO GET IT.. HE'S A MURDERER!!



NEXT DAY..

SHE, LAD, JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, YOU'RE TOO EAGER.. THERE YOU WERE RUSHIN' ABOUT LIKE A CHICKEN WITHOUT ITS HEAD, AND MANHUNTER STEPS IN QUIET- LIKE AND CAPTURES THE KILLER!

AW, I WAS JUST GIVIN' THE GUY A BREAK!



HERE IT IS!

POLICE

COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13



THE SPIRIT



MANHUNTER



CHIC CARTER



#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



RUBBER
Salvage
COLLECTION



Starring
**PLASTIC
MAN**

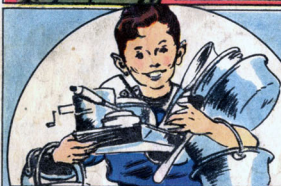
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS
!

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND **THE SPIRIT**
Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

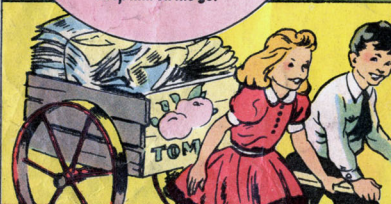
THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



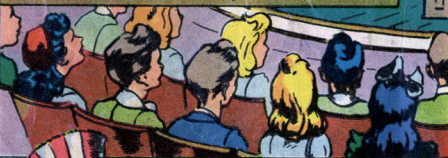
YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SMILE ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

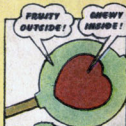
"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

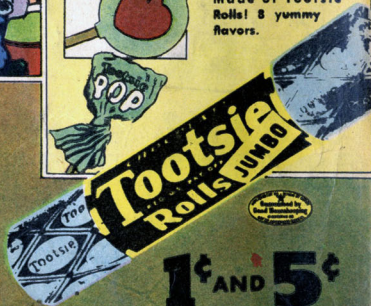
ENRICHED WITH **DEXTROSE** FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey sandy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



1¢ AND 5¢